

# THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

BY W. H. CHANDLER.]

THE UNION OF THE WHIGS—FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION.

[WATER STREET, FOUR DOORS FROM MAIN.]

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From the Philadelphia Forum.  
THE 'COON SONG.

TUNE—"Dandy Jim of Caroline."

A race! a race! And who will win?  
Who will be out? who will be in?  
Trot out your nags! we'll see who'll take  
From all, the Presidential stake!  
The people say they'll go for Clay,  
The true heart's hope, the country's stay;  
So raise the shout and clear the way,  
For work and worth and Harry Clay!

First Tyler comes the boon to crave,  
A laugh and hiss meet the traitor knave,  
He lowers his nose and sneaks away,  
For he dares not face old Harry Clay,  
For the people say, etc.

Next sneaking in, Grimaldin Van,  
Puts low, and thinks "I will if I can."  
But he whipp'd him once, Lord how he ran!  
Hang up your fiddle—you're the man!  
For the people say, etc.

Then comes Calhoun, now right, now wrong,  
Though six feet two, he's "nothing long."  
But short or tall, he'll be no higher,  
We'll nullify the nullifier!  
For the people say, etc.

There's old Tecumseh, he won't do,  
While he loves black, he will get blue:  
And taking a wife, so weak his sight,  
Poor man! he didn't know black from white.  
So the people say, etc.

Buchanan comes. A shilling a day!  
Work Locos! How d'ye like your pay?  
Old Conestoga's stall'd, they say,  
He's sick in Kentucky Clay.  
For the people say, etc.

Now hobbles in old Madam Cass,  
She's not what she was, alas! alas!  
She might be a pet of the frog-eater's king—  
Where the people rule she's not the thing.  
For the people say, etc.

Then Clay, with a lion port strides by,  
And shouts of thunder cleave the sky:  
The pure, the bright, the tried and true,  
The laurel wreath belongs to you.  
For the people say, etc.

## HENRY CLAY AND THEMISTOCLES.

If we are to believe the various leaders and divisions of the Locofocos, HENRY CLAY is to be elected President, on the same ground, that the rival Grecian Captains awarded Themistocles the honors of the victory at Salamis. Each man claimed it for himself, but agreed that Themistocles was next in merit. Plutarch in his life of Themistocles, thus relates the story:

When the vessels arrived at the Isthmus of Salamis, the captain placed a ballot in the Temple of Neptune, giving judgement for those tribes and persons who had most distinguished themselves.

"Among the Commanders, Themistocles, in spite of envy, was universally allowed to have distinguished himself, most—for when they came to the Isthmus, and every officer took a ballot, from the altar, to enscribe upon it the names of those who had done the best service, every one put himself in the first place, Themistocles, in the second.—The Lacedaemonians having conducted him to Sparta, adjudged Euribiades the prize of valor, and Themistocles that of wisdom, honoring each with a crown of olive."

This is a lesson for us to imitate. Each of the Democratic political captains say, that he himself is the only one to succeed; if not, Henry Clay. Why not settle the matter at once, by electing Henry Clay—the only one whose capacity and services are undoubted?

Again, like the Spartans who awarded the prize of Valor to Euribiades, we have given the prize of valor to Gen. Jackson. Why not give the prize of POLITICAL WISDOM to Henry Clay, as they did to Themistocles? Ought the pride of party to deprive the country of the services of its really able and sagacious statesman?—*Cin. Chron.*

## FIRST APPEARANCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, gives the following account of the first appearance of the tall member of Congress, at the National Theatre a few nights since:—Our friend from Illinois attracted the most attention and afforded the most amusement on Wednesday evening. Finding the box too short to stow away his legs with any degree of comfort, he hung them over into the pit—but there they so much annoyed the persons sitting underneath, that he was requested by the police officer of the house, to remove them or buy another ticket for them. He adopted the alternative, and thus secured and occupied a seat in the box and pit at the same time."

An English lady, who went to make purchases in Jamaica, accompanied by her black maid, was repeatedly addressed by the negro shopmen as "massa," whereupon her sensible follower exclaimed with a look of infinite contempt, "why for you speak such bad English—no grammar, sabbie? Why for you call my missus massa? Stupid fellow!—him's a she." Jamaica paper.

## From the New York Sun. THE MECHANIC.

Have you ever met with a little bit of a book by Frances Harriet Whipple, published at Providence, (R. I.) by Barnett and King, and entitled "The Mechanic"? If you have, you will understand us, and the little we have now to say. If you have not go and buy it, if you are a mechanic, or a friend of the mechanics. It is one of the most womanly things you ever met with: full of the dignity of human nature, and all alive with the naturalness of a true earnest faith. It is very clear that the author, unmarried when she wrote the book, but married, we see now; out of business a year ago, but we hope in business now, and likely to be for the rest of her life; has a wholesome and hearty respect for the married, the useful, and the man of business? Eloquent, free spoken, hearty, and fearless, you see that she is not ashamed of the mechanic, her fellow countryman. She acknowledges them in a way never to be mistaken. While portraying the hero of her story, she has the hardihood—are you not ashamed? the hardihood, instead of paltering with a shadow, to go to work in sober earnest, instead of being mealy-mouthed, to come to the point at once, and make a man of him, a great co-worker with God, an apprentice to the builder of the Universe. Read the passage below and judge for yourself. We have heard of this woman before; and we rejoice to find her up and doing, where, alas! though the field is whitening to the harvest, there is so much to be done and so few to do it. Incalculable mischief is done by making all the heroes of our story books, novels, romances and magazines, idlers, and men of wealth, family and leisure. What is to become of the rest of the world, if those only are worth having? But fashionable paupers and helpless waddlers have had their day, we hope, among women of sense, and they who are too proud to stoop to beg are ashamed; the honest, the hard working, and the thrifty, who maintain all the rest of the world, begin to be remembered; and faith it is high time. And now for the passage we promised you:

"The hero, after a long absence from the woman of his heart, re-appears with a letter, and is questioned by her father, in her presence, upon a variety of subjects, and among other about his family. He replied, that his ancestors, for several generations, had dwelt in A—; and further back he knew nothing of them, though possibly his grandmother might be able to tell the lady, were she alive and present, but she, unfortunately, not being only absent, but dead, the probability was, that the great question of our hero's ancestry would remain unsettled.—So was his claim to ancient blood rendered at least questionable. Claim, did I say? He made none; for he plainly told her that his ancestry and connexions were all, so far as he knew them, hard laboring but respectable, and very honest people. Miss Augusta turned up her own very gentle descending nose: though in the individual it must be confessed, this feature bore rather a questionable mark of gentleness. Mr. Thompson saw that unfortunate turn; and was a lover of peace, and a polite man withal, he began making some inquiries of his individual prospects, finally asking, 'in what business do you propose to engage? Any thing in the manufacturing line?' 'Another bad hit,' thought Tom, while Bell really turned pale. 'He will be severely shocked, now,' thought she, but nothing was more foreign to him.—'I am a carpenter, sir,' he replied with the air of a prince, Bell thought. It was indeed with that dignity of manners, which, being assured in itself, seeks no foreign seal. 'I am a carpenter, sir, and expect to work at my trade.' Mrs. Thompson moved in her chair as if agitated by a very slight electric shock. Miss Augusta drew herself up to rather more than her usual height, while Mr. Thompson himself manifested no slight surprise; yet he said, 'That's a good business, but hardly one that a young man of your advantages would be likely to engage in at this day. Perhaps it was your father's wish?' 'No, Sir,' replied Victor, proudly; for he saw the effect his communication had made.—'No, sir, my father intended me for the bar; but I choose my own business, and to be a finished architect is now the highest aim of my ambition. Architecture, sir, is a noble science; and it is a divine art. I have had a passion for it longer than I can remember; and would it not be a shame for me to sacrifice this ability for certain usefulness, to a miserable pride, a silly prejudice? 'True, very true, but the girls now-a-days have but a poor idea of mechanics. How is it? Am I right Bell? I cannot tell how it is with you; but when I was a young man, my chief desire was to please the girls.'"

"I have chosen my profession for myself, sir, and the community in which I live; and I shall not take the trouble to enquire who else may be pleased or displeased! The girl that I can love will have too good a heart as well as too strong a mind to admit such narrow views. She must have generous and liberal thoughts, a penetrating and truth-loving eye, that can perceive the excellence, the beauty, of true manly labor! She will not look upon it merely as a mode of getting bread, but as the gymnasium of the great academy which is called life, wherein the scholar's soul may be exercised according to its various capacities, as it may gather the truest and noblest strength, and without which strength is not. This single principle, sir, of the dignity of man—his innate tendency to good—his universal capacity for greatness—nay, the absolute greatness of every human soul—I would not yield for the sake of being married to the Empress, were I to be raised to an equal place on the throne beside her. To me, every true man is in-

vested with a dignity and grandeur which no human agency could either create or destroy. Crowns, coronets, and mitres, the highest officers, both State and Church, are made by men, and of man they hold their power; but who has ever created a man and gave him power, save God only? As he paused, the eyes of Victor met those of Bell. There was a mutual flash—a mutual revelation of thought—and their spirits stood as it were, face to face. They knew each other. For a moment they gazed into each other's eyes, with the piercing earnestness of a truth seeker; and not that conscientious blush, as a threshold, where the kindred soul went forth, and met, and recognized, and embraced each other. Henceforth they were not strangers."

There! what d'ye say to that, men of America—women of America?

## FARMING.

It is a sore evil that Labor, so essential to Health, Vigor, and Virtue, is generally regarded with aversion. When those who boast that they live by straight-forward hard work are almost uniformly seeking to escape from their condition. Even the substantial, thrifty Farmer, whose life is or might be among the happiest, is apt to train his darling son for a profession or put him into a store. He laudably wishes to put him forward in the world, but he does not think that half the time and expense bestowed in making him an average Lawyer or Doctor would suffice to make him an eminent intelligent and scientific Farmer—a model and blessing to the whole Country. Why will not our thrifty Farmers think of this? The world is sufficed with middling Lawyers and Doctors—the gorge even of Iowa rises at the prospect of a new batch of either; tolerable Clergymen there is certainly no lack, as the multitude without societies bears witness, and yet here is the oldest, the most essential and noblest of employments, on which the full blaze of science has hardly yet poured, and which is, to-day making more rapid strides, and affords a more promising field of intellectual power than any other, comparatively shunned and neglected. Of good, thoroughly educated, at once scientific and practical Farmers, there is no where a super-abundance. Every where there is need of this class, to introduce new processes and improve old ones, to naturalize and bring perfection the plants, grains, fruits, &c., we still import from abroad when we might better produce them at home—to introduce a proper rotation and diversification of crops—to prove and teach how to produce profitable the most grain to the acre—in short, to make agriculture the pleasing, attractive, ennobling pursuit it was providentially designed to be. There is no broader field of usefulness—no surer road to honorable eminence. The time will come when, of the men of the last generation, Arthur Young will be more widely honored than Napoleon. But while the true Farmer should be the most thoroughly educated and well informed men in the country, there are many of our old Farmers, even, who will cheerfully spend a thousand dollars to qualify one son for a profession, yet grudge a hundred each to educate the three or four less favored who are to be farmers. These are Farmers who cultivate hundreds of acres and never look into a book on Agriculture, though they would not countenance a Doctor or Clergyman who had studied no works on Medicine or Theology. What a world of mistakes and inconsistencies is displayed all around us.

There are thousands in all our Cities who are well employed and in good circumstances; we say, let those continue if they are content, and feel certain that the world is better for their daily doings. There are other tens of thousands who must stay here, as things are; having no means to go elsewhere no skill in any arts but those peculiar to City life, and a very limited knowledge; these must stay, unless something should transpire out of the common course of events. There are other tens of thousands annually arriving from Europe, who, however acquisitions to the country, must contribute to glut the market and depress the price of labor of all kinds in our City—some of these must remain here till they can obtain means to go elsewhere. But for young men from our own happier Agricultural districts to crowd into the great Cities or into villages, in search of clerkships and the like, is madness—inhumanity to the destitute—moral suicide. While nine-tenths of our States are a waste wilderness, and all our marts of Trade overflow with eager seekers for employment, let all escape from Cities who can, and all who have opportunities to labor and live in the country, resolve to stay there.

## From the Farmer's Monthly Visitor. QUALIFICATIONS OF A FARMER'S WIFE.

A writer in the Visitor for May, speaks of the great importance of females, especially the wives of farmers, being acquainted with all the duties of domestic kind, and bestows high encomiums upon her who rises with the lark, prepares suitable food for her family, &c. My opinion perfectly coincides with his as to the importance of a farmer's wife to know, and that she superintend and assist in her domestic duties, so that every thing be done as it should be. Yes! I would praise her for her skill in preparing the hot cakes and early breakfast. Yet I would contend for the superiority of her, who with neatness and skill performs her routine of domestic duties with alacrity, in order to spend a few hours in useful reading, that she may impart light and knowledge to those around her, thereby enriching her own mind, and the minds of her children, so that they may become useful members of society.

Time is making vast ravages among those who take an active interest in the welfare of our country. Who are to take their places? Shall we look for them in our large cities? Do not many of their young men live in idleness and dissipation? Are they accustomed to that close application to study and business, which is necessary to discipline their minds and fit them for important places in the government? Where, I say, are we to look for our future legislators and statesmen, but among the sons of our honest yeomen?

And does not the formation of their minds depend upon their mothers? Are not the first impressions the strongest and most lasting? And are not those received from the mother? Is not the child taught the love of good and evil, and the love of God and his country, from his mother? Does he not imbibe her sentiments and feelings with the first dawning of reason? How important, then, that she be intelligent, and that her sentiments be correct and her judgment good.

The business of farmers require constant attention through the busy seasons of the year, they have but little leisure for intellectual pursuits, or instruction of their children, and the woman who spends some portion of her time in useful reading and imparting the information thereby gained to those around her, does abundantly more benefit to her family, than she could possibly do in raking hay or picking potatoes. We are creatures of imitation, monkey-like. If a child sees its mother take a book, he likewise will take one. If she speaks of what she reads, he will likewise, and so imprint it on his memory. The influence of such a woman is great. It will be felt around her, and it will tell upon a generation yet unborn.

Women possess quicker sensibilities and finer feelings than men, and they have more power for improvement. Let them improve their time to the best advantage, and we shall have an intelligent community.

A man's mind is not very like to expand or be elevated, whose wife can talk of nothing but feeding the ducks and chickens, tho' the ducks and chickens should be fed, and fed often, too.

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT."—I can't afford to take a newspaper, was the answer received a few days ago, from a worthy farmer of our neighborhood, when asked to subscribe for our paper. He was the father of a large family, and from his answer we were induced to believe that no newspaper ever entered the walls of his dwelling, and that himself and family were utterly ignorant of the many interesting events now transpiring in the world; and what was worse, likely to remain so, unless, indeed, he belonged to that class of readers—the pest of their neighbors and the abhorrence of printers—called borrowers. Not afford to take a newspaper! and yet this individual could spend his hundreds on the persons of his children, to make them respectable, whilst the mind was entirely neglected. Can't afford to take a newspaper! What does this mean? It means, in plain English, 'I can't afford to inform myself, or give my family the means of information or instruction. I prefer ignorance to intelligence—and rather than spend my money would see my family become dull, stupid dolts—despised by themselves and ridiculed by all. Money before knowledge, is the language of those who, being able to pay, offer the excuse referred to in the commencement of this article. But what shall we say of newspaper borrowers? Will you subscribe for our paper? Oh no, I believe not I get my neighbor's paper every week, and that will do for me? Such answers we have frequently received, an answer containing more double refined meanness could not be found. But aside from the meanness of reading a borrowed paper, when the individual could afford to take one himself, it is plainly dishonest, 'flat burglary.'—You deprive your neighbor of his rights which he paid for with his money, and prevent his family from obtaining the information always conveyed through the public press.—Will, you say, that your neighbor has already read it and gives it cheerfully. That may be true, and yet the case is not altered.—A newspaper is useful for reference, as well as for present reading; and then your neighbor has too much politeness to refuse your request, knowing that one who is mean enough to make the request—to borrow—would be mean enough to resent a refusal. Besides the printer has his rights which are grossly violated by this system of borrowing—he is in fact robbed and disposed of. He expends his time, labor, talents and money on his paper, for the gratification of his subscribers, and yet the reward comes not, because many of his readers are borrowers.—Now we ask all such, is it fair! Do you give the printer any value for what you receive? And after you have read a borrowed newspaper, does your conscience approve the deed? If it does not, and if you are now satisfied you have injured your neighbor and cheated the printer by being a borrower, go and subscribe at once for a newspaper, and when your friend calls to borrow yours, tell him to "go and do likewise."

A new paper the 'Communist,' has been started at Mottville, Onondago county, N. Y., the organ of a new sect of Philosophers. Their principles may be guessed from the following extract: Human rights are equal the world around; the earth and its products are the common property of the race; all buying and selling are damning falsehoods; all sects and parties, civil and ecclesiastical, priests and politicians, churches and governments, are monstrosities of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry.

"Hannibal," said a certain waggish gentleman, somewhat disguised in liquor, to the darky who lighted him to bed at Hewlett's Hotel last night—"Hannibal you are a great (hic—hicup)—a very great man. You are (hic—hicup)—a greater man than I am, Hannibal!"

"Why," said Hannibal, rolling his eyes around, out of pride for the compliment paid him, "mong darkies I's some, massa, that am a fac, but I can't shine 'mong white folks, no how."

"I say you are a greater man than I am, Hannibal. You can hold a candle to me, and, situated as I am at present, I can't hold a candle to you!—not for want of fixity of purpose, mind you, Hannibal, but for want of fixity of footing!"

Hannibal smiled, showing his ivory to a considerable extent. N. O. Picayune.

A paper out West tells a story of a disconsolate widower, who on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes—"Well, I've lost hogs and I've lost cows, but I never had anything to cut me up like this!"

## KISSING—A NEW YEAR'S CUSTOM.

Mick Mahony, Mrs. Biddy Mahony and Nancy Donahoe were individually and collectively charged yesterday before the Recorder, by the watchman, with disturbing the peace.

Miss Donahoe was a good-looking, round-faced, blue eyed girl. Mrs. Mahony was a hard-featured, sharp-nosed lady, with a tongue which seemed to operate on the principles of perpetual motion; and Mr. Mahony was a humorous-looking character, with a leer in his eye and a laugh playing about the corners of his mouth, which were well calculated to excite the jealousy of Mrs. M. when so comely a colleen as Nancy Donahoe was in the case.

The watchman was proceeding to state the charge with eloquent verbosity, but Mrs. Mahony claimed of the court the right to retort the matter herself, alleging that she was the injured individual. As she would not be silent, the Recorder assented, and she went on, her lord and master, Mick, looking impudently into her eyes in the meantime, and making an appeal to her pity in the following words:—

"Biddy, Biddy, jewel, be aisy, and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can."

Biddy heeded not the voice of the charmer but proceeded.

"Well, ye see on New Year's night, yer aner, I had a nice little tay party at me place, and of course, when the kimmeeens [tea equipage] were removed, we had a drop of punch in aner of the night, though sarrah a drop of it did I take meself, on account of the pledge."

"There's a good one!" said Mick, in sotto voce, turning to Nancy D.

"Mrs. Mahony," said the Recorder, "you are too discursive—too prolix. I only wish you to state the cause of the riot or disturbance."

"I'm comin' to the point, yer aner," returned Biddy.

"O, Biddy, acushla," said Mick, "ye know 'twas all a bit of a joke—a New Year's night frolic."

"A purty joke it was, ye desavin' villian!" exclaimed Biddy. "That's the father of the four children—to be kissin' that brazen-faced hussey there the instant ye got me back turned—and you purtinidin' to be so jealous of Tim Doolin all the time, that was me Mother's cousin be his Father's side, and—"

"Mrs. Mahony," said the Recorder, "I cannot sit here and listen to the genealogy of your family or the degree of consanguinity that exists between you and Tim Doolin.—I again call on you to come to the cause of the disturbance for which you were arrested."

"Well, thin," resumed Mrs. Mahony; "when we were all sat round the table, as happy as ye please, chattrin' and talkin' about old times, Mick sis to Harry Whelan, sis he 'Harry avick, lit's have a song. 'Always content,' sis Harry. 'What'll ye have Mrs. Mahony?' sis he to me. Please yourself, Miss Whelan, sis I, 'and ye please me,' so with that he commenced 'Hurrah for O'Connell, who'll get us Repale!' Well, he hadn't well begun it when me bowld Mick sis—'I beg yer pardin, gintlees,'—just that a-way, quite purtly like—and up he gets and walks out, and out he stays, and sarrah a sign of him there was comin' in when the song, which has twenty-one verses in it, was incorred. Well, yer aner, I begins to smill a rat, and I ups and goes to the dure, and there I hears Miss Donahoe, the forward minx,—though she looks now as if butther would 'at melt in her mouth—singin' in great glee 'Rory O'More.' Well, I stales to the windy—she lives nix dure—and sure enough, when she cum to the chorus of 'It's eight times to-day that ye kissed me afore,' the vagabone does shute the action to the word, and gives her a smackin' thorumpogue! Well, 'twas too much for flesh and blood to stand, so of course I gev both of them what they deserved—I gev them sugar in their tay!"

"That's sufficient," said the Recorder.—

"What have you to say Mr. Mahony?" Mick smiled amorously, drew his hand over his face, and looked archly between his extended fingers at Nancy Donahoe and Mrs. Mahony. He acknowledged the soft impeachment of kissing Nancy, but pleaded in extenuation the privilege of doing so on New Year's night; and further that Biddy kissed Tim Doolin right fornist his face!

The Recorder viewed the affair in the same hilarious light that Mick Mahony did, and discharged the parties on paying jail fees.

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## HORRORS OF WAR.

We all have read of Barcelona in Spain, or heard of the famous city—the grand mart of Spanish commerce and manufactures, and the most beautiful city in that kingdom.—Such has been the result of the intestine war and revolution, that that city is utterly ruined. A few months ago Barcelona possessed a population of 170,000 inhabitants, who kept in motion an extensive trade with America, England, the Levant, and Africa, in silks, cottons, printed calicoes, lace, shoes, jewelry, and wine, all manufactured within its walls or immediate vicinity; but a few weeks of revolution have sufficed to desolate this magnificent city; and its manufactures, warehouses, and shops are deserted and plundered, and many are in ruins; the Cathedral, with its noble interior and grove of oranges, rare flowers and citrons, has been desecrated into a powder magazine and fortress, and many of its beauties defaced; the principles streets are intersected with ditches and barricades, and 30,000 ruined families erst so industrious and thriving have passed into France, or seek a precarious living in the surrounding towns and villages, whilst a miserable remnant have remained behind to share in or suffer the combined horrors of famine, bombardment and rapine.—N. Y. Sun.

ROPED IN.—"Captain," said an river rafter as he stepped aboard of a boat at the landing yesterday, "what time'll you be off?"—"In a few minutes now; the second bell's rung," replied the captain. "Just in time," said the rafter. "Well, I want to know whether you wouldn't take a few lines to Wheeling for me?" "Well," said the captain, "I don't know—the laws of the postoffice department are very strict, and Mr. Wickliffe has already prosecuted several boats."—"No fear of that," said the rafter; "I know Wickliffe like a book—his ain't no vice is a cousin to a friend of my wife; and he don't care a d—n." "Well, well," replied the captain, "fetch the lines aboard; can you keep dark?" "O, yes," said the rafter, with a wink, "I understand; thanks." In a few minutes the rafter was seen rolling a huge store box on the gangway plank and on to the forecabin. "Hallo, there! what the deuce is that?" cries the captain. "Them lines," said the rafter. "Them d—s!" exclaimed the captain; "I thought that it was a letter you wanted me to take." "No, no, a box of clothes line for my grocery in Wheeling; but for the matter of a letter, if you've got a clerk that could write me one afore you start, I—'Go ashore—go ashore!" said the captain, as he rang the 'last bell,' laughing in spite of himself; "I'll take your bloody lines—back her! Roped in, by golly!" And away puffed the 'Express Mail' one way, and the rafter another.

## THE REWARD OF EDITORS.

The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette makes the following remarks on the retirement of an editor from his chair. Who that knows any thing of the life and labors and rewards of an editor will not agree to what is said?

"William Penn Chandler, for some time past the editor of the Wilmington Gazette, makes a graceful bow on retiring. He has done very well in his way, and made a good Locofoco editor. We are glad for his name's sake, that he has withdrawn. Why should he spend his life, and lend considerable talents, to such an occupation? Where grows the grass upon the grave of three rich editors in the United States? They live in turmoil, are criticised, lauded, condemned, and die poor. The present generation, perhaps, has learned something. But the practice is not easily altered. We wish the retiring editor success in his future pursuits."

Young women are being employed in all sorts of duties now in Paris. They are even assuming the places of the clerks in counting houses. Grant in his new work says:

"Indeed the young Parisian woman are beginning to be trained as clerks for banking and commercial houses. They are found to be steadier and more attentive than young men. In one of the first and wealthiest banking houses in Paris, you may now see every day two interesting daughters of the principal partner, one of them eighteen years of age, the other twenty, at work at their desks during business hours, and discharging their duties as clerks, with dispatch, correctness and cheerfulness. Indeed, the plan is working so well that the government itself is beginning to employ young females in the public offices."

IMPORTANT REMEDY FOR CANCERS.—Colonel Ussey of the parish of De Soto, informs the editor of the Caddo Gazette, that he has fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this—Take an egg and break it, then pour out the white, retaining the yolk in the shell put in salt and mix with the yolk as long as it will receive it; stir them together until the salt is formed, put a portion of this on a sticking plaster, and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. He has made the experiment in two instances in his own family with complete success.

## A NEW STATE PROPOSED.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Tennessee, now in session, for the establishment of a new State out of the territory of East Tennessee. The counties proposed to be ceded, in order to form the new State, to be named "Frankland," are twenty six in number. It is proposed also in the bill that to the new State may be added such portions of the States of North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia, as may be ceded for the purpose.